THE AMIR OUT SIGHTSEEING.

ADVENTURES OF THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN IN INDIA.

First Ride in a Railroad Train and a Motor Car of the Absolute Master of 5,000,000 People—A Suite of 1,500 Persons With Him—His Questioning Curiosity.

CALCUTTA, Jan. 29.—The Amir of Afghanistan arrived in this city yesterday and immediately made it known that his visit was of a purely private character. Nevertheless, formal calls were exchanged between the Amir and the Viceroy, and then the Amir settled down to a programme of sightseeing.

That really is the end and aim of the journey, which is a remarkable one. The Amir is a tourist, and as he is, for the first time in his life, outside the boundaries of his native country, he is informing himself and enjoying himself as only a traveller can who is under no necessity of considering the cost of pleasure or of anything else that interests him.

He left his capital, Kabul, late in December, and has been on the way ever since, pausing when and where he listed, making side excursions to see points of interest or to pray at famous shrines. For this private unofficial tour he surrounded himself with a retinue of no less than 1,500 persons, who are now quartered in this city.

It must be difficult for Americans to get an adequate conception of the Amir either as a man or a ruler, for there is no country with which New World people come in direct or even diplomatic contact that offers any sort of analogy to Afghanistan and its civilization. There is civilization in Afghanistan; there are stone houses, splendid palaces, an extraordinary literature, which itself implies educational institutions; well organized government, laws, courts, army, police; but there is not one mile of railroad, and there are few other roads suitable for wheeled vehicles; and its monarch, a man of native intelligence and highly educated according to Afghan standards, has had his first ride in a railway train this month, his first ride in a motor car, and has had his eyes opened in many other respects to things which by mere force of familiarity we have come to regard as essential features of civilization.

Afghanistan is one of the few countries from which Great Britain had to retreat after gaining a foothold on the soil. Before the middle of the last century the Afghans drove out the British garrisons and their defendants with great slaughter. No serious attempt has been made to recover military control of the country, but what the British army failed to do has been accomplished so far as is necessary for British interests by diplomacy and money.

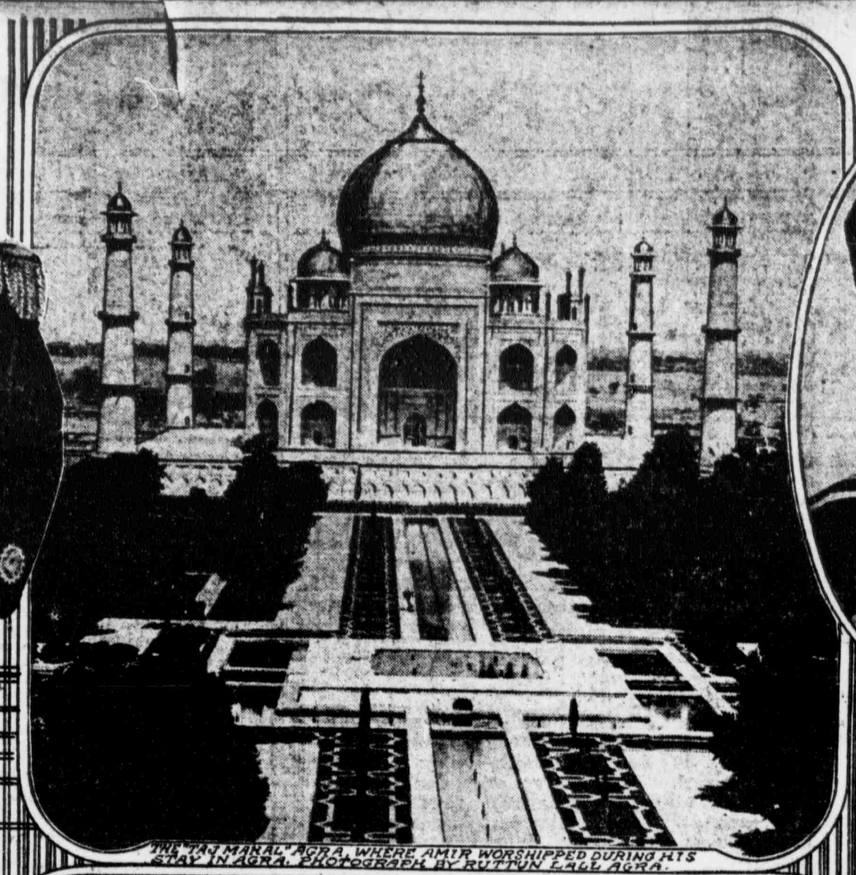
After much negotiation the late Amir, father of the present ruler, agreed that Afghanistan should accept the advice of the British Government in India on all questions relating to foreign affairs. This means in plain language that Afghanistan is dependent on Great Britain. It cannot make war with or enter into treaty relations with any other Government and cannot maintain agents or representatives in foreign capitals.

So far as its domestic affairs are concerned, however, Afghanistan is as independent as the United States and the Amir is its absolute ruler. He is in his own person the court of appeals for all kinds of cases and he can abrogate the laws or proclaim new ones without let or hindrance from Great Britain. There were two considerations which induced the late Amir to deprive his country of individuality in the list of nations: The payment to him by the Indian Government of $600,000 annually and the guarantee by the British Government that Afghanistan should be protected against unprovoked aggression

The country covers an area about equal to that of the New England States plus New York. Its population is estimated at nearly 5,000,000. The present Amir was born in 1872 and succeeded to the throne in October, 1901.

He formally reaffirmed his father's treaty with Great Britain in 1905 and at that time announced that he would make a journey to India in 1907. His official designation is rather formidable to English reading eyes, but really not more so than the complete designation of other monarchs, the King of England, for example, to whom, officially, we must refer as "His Most Excellent Majesty Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." The Amir's designation is "His Highness Siraj-ul-millat-wad-din Amir Habib Ullah Khan," which is comparatively modest in dimensions, however grand its meaning may be. Since his accession he has also been made a Grand Commander of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN G.C.B. G.C.M.G. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF HIMSELF BY HIMSELF.



THE "TAJ MAHAL" AGRA, WHERE AMIR WORSHIPPED DURING HIS STAY IN AGRA. PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTTUN LALL AGRA.

THE LATE AMIR ABDUL RAHMAN, G.C.S.I. FATHER OF THE PRESENT AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE PRESENT AMIR.

HINDUS BATHING ON BANKS OF THE JUMNA, DURING THE ECLIPSE OF SUN ON JANUARY 14TH. PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTTUN LALL AGRA.

The Amir supports a considerable harem. It is not known how many concubines he has, but there are four regularly recognized wives, the chief of whom, known as the Queen Wife, enjoys an allowance of $375,000 a year. The allowances of the other wives are $300,000, $150,000 and $75,000, according to seniority.

There is also a Queen Mother in this complex family, and it is well known that the young monarch has a monkey and parrot time of it in maintaining domestic discipline. The Queen Wife, who was formerly a slave girl and whose beauty infatuated Habib Ullah while he was yet a prince, is a termagant of the fiercest description.

She is madly jealous, obviously with cause enough, and has not viewed the accession of other wives with any degree of equanimity, but she cannot help herself, because the Amir maintains, and the law justifies him, that his rank entitles him to at least four wives. So the Queen Wife takes it out on her attendants. She chastises them freely and frequently, and thus far has killed three of them with her own hand. Abominable as this may seem in the eyes of western civilization, the worst of it is, so far as the Amir is concerned, that the Queen Mother, the Queen Wife and all the other wives are forever interfering in politics. Their jealousies and conflicting intrigues keep the court in turmoil, and tenure of office is precarious, for Habib Ullah is not celebrated for firmness. He is good natured and prone to avoid trouble by yielding to it.

In his journey through India he has been conspicuous for his amiable qualities and those that should mark a sovereign. No end of stories are now current that tell of his unaffected dignity, courtesy, appreciation of all attentions paid to him, and most of all his childlike curiosity.

He entered British territory on January 4 and received a formal welcome from a representative of the Indian Government at the very frontier, but it was not until he reached the important city of Agra, ten days later, that demonstrations of considerable magnitude occurred. Meantime on the way from Peshawar he paused at Nowsheva and Attock, frontier towns, where he industriously took in all the sights, quite in the manner of an American tourist in London or Paris.

The fortresses in these towns naturally commanded his attention, and at Attock he made a trip to a new bridge in process of construction over the Indus. On this occasion he walked far out on the structure where footing was anything but safe and easy in order to realize the height of the bridge above the river.

After leaving Attock he diverged from the main road in order to visit Sirhind and pray at the shrine of Sheikh Ahmad. It was during this first stage of the journey in India that he made acquaintance with a railroad. He arrived at the station half an hour after the train was scheduled to start, but the train was waiting.

A further delay then ensued owing to the Amir's reluctance to risk himself on the strange contrivance, but at length he swallowed his fears, manifestly, observers say, because he deemed it unbecoming in a monarch to shrink from what was familiar to Englishmen, and went aboard. The event abundantly justified his repugnance to railway travel.

There was no disaster, but the engineer had to make up lost time, and the train was run at very high speed for nine miles, the distance to the Amir's next stopping place. It made Habib Ullah seasick. He was a wreck when the train halted.

It is said, nevertheless, that the monarch bore himself well in this distressing predicament. There was no whining, no terror, but rather an evident exercise of all the will power he had to avoid displaying his weakness.

There is no question that the ills of the journey were more than compensated by the good time the Amir had at Agra. He liked everything from the bagpipe salute that greeted him on arrival as a feature of his formal reception to the remarkable spectacle of a vast crowd bathing in the Jumna River during the eclipse of the sun. The accompanying picture, taken by an Agra photographer, indicates the interest any traveller would take in the scene.

The formal reception was necessarily largely of a military character. The entire garrison was turned out on parade and reviewed by the visiting monarch, who rode on a horse, the cavalry in his retinue galloping after him with all the abandon of Cossacks.

It was during this review that one of the pleasantest incidents of the journey occurred. The weather, which is usually warm and dazzlingly bright at Agra, was as bad as it could be there. A drizzling rain fell steadily all day, and the wind had a disheartening chill.

Soldiers were permitted to wear their overcoats until the Amir was actually at hand, when, as a token of respect, they were doffed. Presently one of the British officers escorting the Amir noticed that he was minus an overcoat. The officer suggested that he was in danger of catching cold, for his clothing was drenched.

"It doesn't matter," he responded. "I have an overcoat in my carriage, but when I saw that the soldiers were not wearing theirs I could not put on mine."

That remark made the Amir popular at once, and his popularity increased with every day that passed. He converses well with all manner of people, and like the true tourist seems to believe that everybody he meets can tell him something interesting.

For example, after the parade and while he was still surrounded by British officers of high rank, he saw a tall, good looking woman crossing the grounds.

"Who is she?" he asked.

They told him that she was the wife of a common sergeant.

"I want to speak to her," said he.

Anybody who has had the slightest contact with military life in America or elsewhere will perceive the astounding nature of this request. The British sergeant is an essential feature of the military establishment, doubtless a very good sort of fellow, too, and his wife is a necessary person and presumably estimable, but it is not thinkable that she should breathe the same air as a Colonel's wife, much less a General's.

The officers, thinking that the Amir had misunderstood, repeated the explanation that the woman was a sergeant's wife, but he blandly reiterated his wish to speak to her, and the embarrassed officers could do nothing but summon her. She was sadly flustered at thus being brought into the presence of royalty with her ordinary clothes on, but the Amir had little difficulty in putting her at her ease, and they conversed for quite ten minutes.

This is a fair sample of all the happenings during Habib Ullah's stay at Agra. He had a question for everything he saw, sometimes childish, sometimes shrewd, but all betraying an eager interest in his adventures.

It was in Agra that he took his first ride in a motor car, Lord Kitchener accompanying him. The Amir has owned a car for two years. It was the gift of a distant admirer, but it has lain unused in the royal stables at Kabul.

There was nobody to run the thing, perhaps, though that is hardly conceivable, for the late Amir established several factories at Kabul where munitions of war are made, as well as other articles that require the services of skilled mechanics. More likely the Amir's reluctance to railway travel was the manifestation of a general distrust of wheeled contrivances, and the motor car may have been regarded as a thing best let alone.

But that car will be put into commission as soon as the Amir returns to Kabul. The roads are good in and around Agra. Lord Kitchener took him at a moderate speed several miles into the country.

Habib Ullah was delighted and insisted that the machine be driven at full speed on the way back. He made known his intention of using his own car in the future, and it is fair to prophesy therefore that there will presently be a reform in the roads of Afghanistan.

The Amir also took a short trip in a balloon while he was at Agra, but he did not intimate that aeronautics would be made the fashionable diversion at Kabul. Motoring first presumably, and when the edge has worn off that balloons perhaps.

It is rather striking that while the Amir was ignorant of motor cars and railways and much else that pertains to the ordinary life of Western civilization he has long been familiar with and personally expert at photography. While he was yet a prince he took an excellent picture of his father, and more recently he has taken one of himself.

The Amir is a Mohammedan, of course, and very devout. His sightseeing was always interrupted at sunset for prayers, on which occasions he would call in a loud voice: "If there are any Mohammedans here let them now withdraw to pray."

It was his religious faith rather than his curiosity as a tourist that led him to make a special trip to a suburb of Agra where stands the Taj-Mahal, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. It was built about 250 years ago by the Emperor Shah Jahan as a mausoleum for his favorite wife, and the Emperor himself, one of the greatest in Indian history, is also buried there.

The Taj-Mahal is more than a building, the majestic tomb being the central feature of elaborate gardens some 600 yards long by more than 300 wide. The gardens are as beautiful in one way as the mausoleum is in another. They are crossed by canals lined with white marble, there are numerous marble fountains, and grateful relief to the prevailing white tone in a number of cypress trees.

The mausoleum stands on a marble terrace elevated eighteen feet above the general level of the gardens. The main building, 313 feet square, is, roughly speaking, a superb shell enclosing the tomb proper, which is a special structure in the interior some 186 feet square.

There are no windows, light being admitted through screens of marble trellis work of the most exquisite design. The device would make the interior of the building gloomy if it were set up in New York, but in India the atmosphere is usually so blinding bright that the effect is an agreeable softening of the glare that is nicely adjusted to the most effective display of some of the most wonderful decorative effects known to architecture.

The walls are in mosaics, in which twelve different precious stones figure in amazing abundance. Among the jewels used in these mural decorations are agates, bloodstones and jaspers, but the lapis lazuli leads in quantity and brilliancy of effect. It is impossible to estimate the money value of the materials used in this remarkable structure, but it is known that 20,000 men were occupied twenty-two years in erecting it. The Amir visited the Taj-Mahal as a religious duty.

There is one feature of the Amir's conversation that is altogether novel. He manages never to leave his listeners in the slightest doubt as to the intent of his remarks. "Gentlemen," he will say, "I am about to make a joke," or, "Gentlemen, I am about to tell a funny story." And, to clinch the certainty of avoiding misunderstanding, his face lights up with a happy smile when he comes to the point where the laugh comes in.

THOSE HATS ACCOUNTED FOR.

MILLINERY FASHIONS FROM EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, WRECK.

Also Cakes, Pies, Salad Dishes and Railroad Collisions—Landscapes, Household Goods and Roller Skates Give Inspiration—The Paris Fountain Head.

"The world is impatient to learn of the new and beautiful creations of M. Lefont for the coming season."

Thus spoke a visitor who had penetrated to the very fountain head from which Paris supplies the world with hats.

The master milliner was in his studio, smoking, his shoulders deep in a comfortable chair, his feet upon the table.

"I am at work on the new spring styles," he observed.

"So I perceive," the visitor answered. "You strike me as being a pretty sane sort of fellow for the position you hold," this familiarity being warranted by his own easy going style.

"It is not necessary for me to be otherwise," he explained. "It is not necessary under my system. I have none of the eccentricities of the artist, nor the affectations of the connoisseur. I am no genius, but just an ordinary man.

"No," he continued, "there is nothing exacting about it. The public simply demands something new for each season, and," M. Lefont blew a puff of smoke, "they get it. I have perhaps one peculiar faculty; that is to say, I have trained my mind into a subtle susceptibility to suggestion.

"A cloud in the sky, an island in the sea or a landscape immediately suggests millinery possibilities to me. For instance, here is a hat design suggested to me by a landslide which I once witnessed.

"Would you recognize this as an old fashioned gate in the country with willows growing near? There you see a lamp shade, and a dollie. Yonder is a canoe," pointing out as he spoke idealizations of the objects named in hats.

"In fact there is no object on earth, however trivial or commonplace, that does not suggest to me a possible hat design, and when I add a feather, a buckle or a double bowknot the embryo from which the model was evolved is apparent to no eye save my own.

"For example, here is a hat suggested to me by that homely and familiar object, the coal scuttle. Observe how the flowers and ribbons have disguised the handle.

"Flower pots are suggestive, and birds are used. Then, of course, edibles are inspiring, and the salad hat is indispensable. Designs are suggested by pie and cake."

"Don't you think," the visitor gasped, when he could gasp, "that you risk your great reputation by methods so—so haphazard?"

"Haphazard! Why, my friend, these hats are too precise! They lack true fancy."

"And how are the more artistic ones arrived at?"

"Oh, there is the elevator, the automobile, the roller skate, the Sunday school picnic, the bargain counter, the fire escape, the puppy dog and the clothes wringer.

"But there is nothing like a good earthquake, fire or wreck. There was a whole trainload of millinery in a wreck once. I hurried to the scene——"

"Many beautiful hats ruined?"

"Ruined! Made, monsieur, made! Oh, such abandon! Such ensemble!"

"Great effects must have great causes, I perceive."

"Yes, but I get some very good effects without giving myself much trouble. You see, I can pile on the fuzz and feathers pretty much any sort of way.

"Then I can stick a rose on 'most any time; and sometimes a feather and a couple of cutlets fill the bill. Again, I take a man's hat and hang a plume on it.

"Variety is secured by having them worn upside down and perpendicularly. You have seen hats like that, haven't you?"

"Yes, I think I have. You mean the kind they wear falling off, don't you?"

"Exactly."

"But wouldn't it be more in the line of variety," the visitor suggested, "if you arranged a woman's hat to look as though it might stay on?"

M. Lefont laughed long and loud.

"This is the most incredible thing of all," the visitor cried, as he clasped his brow, "that you should have a sense of humor!"

"Oh, it doesn't handicap me in the least to have a sense of the ridiculous," declared the hat maker; "but for those who wear the hats! Oh! *Mon Dieu!* Such a thing would be fatal!"

TYPEWRITERITIS.

Nervousness That Displays Itself in the Tapping of Eight Busy Fingers.

Nervousness that displays itself in constantly tapping the fingers is said to be exhibited to some extent by typewriter girls. Expert typewriter operators use eight fingers at their work.

The steady concentration and extreme speed, in some cases, seem to produce a digital numbness that occasionally becomes so pronounced as to interfere with the ability of the typewriters. In some cases impatient employers, failing to comprehend the cause of their stenographers' trouble, have discharged them.

If the girl afflicted with this finger tapping trouble manages to do her work properly and speedily she pays for her grit. The bothersome numbness leaves her fingers soon after the day's grind at the typewriter is ended, and is succeeded by the nervousness that many of the victims consider far more objectionable.

All that is required by the typewriter girl suffering from this disorder is a table, the arm of a chair, a book or bag in her lap, or any other object upon which she may rest her wrist and begin the ceaseless tapping.

"Typewriteritis" might describe the malady. The eight fingers of the victim thrum idly the moment she sits down to dinner. A stranger noting the movement watches for it to cease, but there is no letup.

Any one may feel a desire to drum with his fingers a few moments without considering himself nervous, but it is the desire of the typewriter girl to continue it indefinitely that marks her as a victim and generally makes her friends equally fidgety. Girls with sharply, well manicured fingers sometimes simulate the symptoms of the disease, but none of the immunes, however vain, can imitate the nervous tapping of a real victim.

Seventeen stenographers in the Park Row Building were asked if they ever noticed the nervousness in themselves. Five said yes. The twelve others looked scornful or amused, or incredulous, but said no.

Twelve of the same profession in the Flatiron Building were put on the witness stand, and all but five disclaimed having any symptoms of the disease. One of the five treated the matter frivolously and asked the questioner what he wanted her to say, agreeing to give the right answer regardless of the facts.

Typewriters who operate the keys slowly need have no fear of the trouble.

Our Nearest Approach.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat

"Have you any decorations in America like the Victoria Cross, for example?"

"Er-er-well, I think perhaps the double cross is our nearest approach to it."

A DOG OF ALL TRADES.

Airedale Terriers Do All the Things Other Dogs Do.

"A dog of all trades" is the title given to the Airedale terrier by N. William Haynes in *Field and Stream*. They will do the work of almost every other breed.

They will hunt rats, mice and other vermin; run deer, foxes or rabbits; beat for birds, bait badger, draw coon, retrieve game under any conditions, each with equal gusto and success.

They flourish as well in the far off frozen north as in the damp, fever stricken tropics; as well in the sun burned, scorched plains of Arizona and New Mexico as in the cool pine forests of Canada or Maine. Equally at home on land or in water, in any climate, or hunting any game, the Airedale is indeed a wonderful dog.

The German police have come to the conclusion that this breed makes the ideal police dog. In Paris the river police use these dogs with great success as preventers of suicides. Several European armies have adopted the Airedales as their dogs of war, in which capacity they excel.

In the Klondike they are used as sled dogs, though it has been found that they are most useful as a cross for the native huskies. This mating produces dogs that are said to be exceptionally valuable for this branch of work.

An Airedale will quickly learn to herd and drive sheep or cattle as well as any collie, and is particularly useful as a guard or house dog.

In disposition the Airedale is faithful, loving and obedient; a combination of all that has always been admired in the dog. The story of the dog of this breed that dragged through four miles of howling blizzard the dead body of his master will always raise a lump in the throats of dog lovers.

The origin of this many sided dog is of comparatively recent date. He appeared in Yorkshire, particularly in the valley of the Aire, from which he gets his name, about fifty years ago.

Although the dog's official name is Airedale terrier still, common usage, especially in England, has led to a dropping of the latter member, and he is now universally known and loved as the Airedale.

He was created, if the term be permissible, by those who had no knowledge of scientific dog breeding, but who desired a good all around dog—big enough to take care of himself and useful in hunting vermin, especially along the little streams. To do this they mated otter hounds with all possible combinations of terriers and by a series of haphazard crossings and recrossings produced the waterside terrier, as he was then called.

From this very mixed and doubtfully bred dog the early breeders, by careful breeding and some modifications, produced the grand dog that is now so rapidly becoming a general favorite but, well as they did their work, the mysterious foundations of the past are often cropping out in long, houndlike ears or white markings that should not be.

The Airedale has a hard, close coat; long, well shaped, expressive head; strong muzzle; neat V shaped ears; bright, dark eyes; well defined and strong neck; good shoulders; chest deep and narrow; forelegs straight as gun barrels, with plenty of bone; ribs well sprung; loins strong; hams and second thighs full, powerful and muscular; tail docked and carried nearly erect. Action free and showy, as if always on the alert and never tired. Color black or dark badger grizzle on back and neck; head, ears, chest, legs and thighs a deep tan